

THE GENUINE
T R I A L

OF

CHARLES DREW,

FOR THE

Murder of His Own FATHER,

AT THE

Affizes held at *Bury St. Edmund's*

On *Thursday, March 27. 1740.*

For the COUNTY of SUFFOLK

To which is added,

An Account of his Behaviour, whilst under Sentence of Death; Extract of the Sermon preach'd to him the Morning before his Execution; His Last Dying Speech and Confession deliver'd by him to the High Sheriff of the County; His Letter to his Sisters; Authentic Letters between him and Mrs. *Bayer*; and his Behaviour at the Place of Execution.

By a Gentleman of BURY,

Well acquainted with the Family of the DREWS, who in Court took the Trial down in Short-Hand.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, against *St. Dunstan's Church*, in *Fleetstreet*. MDCCXL.

(Price Six Pence.)

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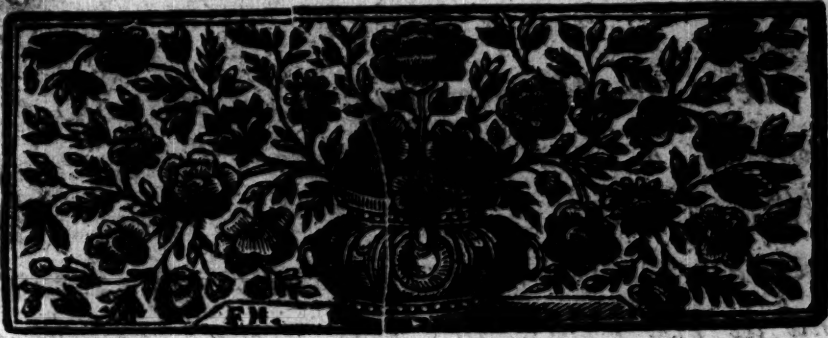


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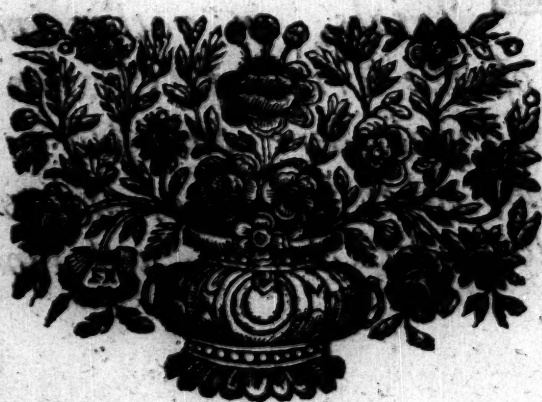


T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Reason that has induc'd me to send the following Pages to the Press, is, that I have observ'd several Fictitious Trials, or rather incoherent Accounts of the Trial of Charles Drew, Esq; The Trial here publish'd is an authentick one, taken in Court, and now publish'd to do Justice thereto, and Honour to the Truth.

Here the Reader will find not an Account of a Trial, but the real Trial itself. Also, A brief Account of Mr. Drew's Behaviour whilst under Sentence of Death, and at the Place of Execution; Heads of a Sermon preach'd to him the Morning before he died, communicated to me by the Author; his Lettor to his Sisters, several Letters which pass'd between him and Mrs. Boyer; and his Last Dying Speech and Confession, which he deliver'd to the High Sheriff of the County of Suffolk.





THE
T R I A L
O F
CHARLES DREW, Esq;

At Bury Affizes, Thursday, March 27. 1740.



EFORE the Honourable JUDGE
PAGE, Esq; one of His Majesty's Ju-
stices of the Court of King's Bench, and
several others of his Majesty's Justices,
for the County of Suffolk.

Jurors Names.

John Gale, Gent.

Thomas Totteridge,

Isaac Tredwel,

Timothy Hassell,

Edward Symon,

Charles Gottrell,

William Hope,

Richarn Burton,

Robert Hayton,

Francis Draper,

Samuel Hakewell,

Christopher Pettit.

Council. My Lord, I am Council for the Prisoner, and I beg Leave to acquaint your Lordship, that our most material Evidence is, at this Time, by Reason of Sickness, not able to attend the Court, wherefore I humbly desire, that the Trial of *Charles Drew*, the Prisoner at the Bar may be put off till the next Affizes.

Council for the King. My Lord, I submit it to your Lordship, but I apprehend, that the Prisoner at the Bar has had sufficient Time to prepare for his Trial.

Prisoner. If your Lordship will indulge me herein, I shall then be able to show, that I am not guilty of the horrid Crime laid to my Charge.

Council for the King. My Lord, in Case of the Sickness of a Witness, the Prisoner if he would have his Trial deferred ought to inform the Court who his material Evidence is, where he lives, and should produce proper Affidavits and Witnesses of the Cause of his Absence, if not, my Lord, we hope the Court will proceed to the Trial.

Court. Prisoner, What say you to this, are you prepared with Affidavits and Witnesses to prove the Sickness of your material Evidence?

Prisoner. My Lord, I am not.

Court. Then the Court will proceed to your Trial, for Justice must not be delayed.

Council for the Prisoner. My Lord, we are credibly inform'd, that *Humphries* (whom we say committed this horrid Murder) will be admitted an Evidence against the Prisoner at the Bar, and we humbly presume, that as *Humphries* has been convicted of Felony some few Years ago at *Chelmsford*, at the Assizes held there for the County of *Essex*, and has not received his Majesty's Pardon, he cannot be an Evidence in this Cause.

Court. Can you prove it?

Co. for Pris. Yes, my Lord, we have now here in Court, a Gentleman of Reputation who was then upon the Grand Jury for that County, who is ready to testify the Truth of what I have said.

Gent. My Lord, I was present at the Assizes held for the County of *Essex* at *Chelmsford*, when *Humphries* was convicted of Felony, and receiv'd Sentence of Transportation.

Court. Prisoner, Can you produce the Record of *Humphries's* Conviction?

Pris.

The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq; 7

Pris. No, my Lord, but against the next Affizes I can, if your Lordship will please to put off my Trial till then.

[*This Motion in Behalf of the Prisoner was over-ruled, and the Court swore the Jury, and then proceeded.*]

Court. Arraign the Prisoner.

Clerk of the Court. Culprit, hold up your Hand at the Bar.

You stand indicted by the Name of *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, late of *Long Melford* in the County of *Suffolk*, Gent, for that you not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, &c. on the 31st of *Jan.* in the 13th Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *George* the Second, King of *Great Britain*, &c. with Force and Arms, at *Long Melford* aforesaid, in the County aforesaid, in and upon *Charles John Drew*, Gent. in the Peace of God, and our said Lord the King, then, and there being feloniously, wilfully and of Malice afore-thought, did make an Assault, and with a certain Gun, of the Value of five Shillings, then, and there being loaded with Gunpowder, and Pieces of Lead, which Gun you the said *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, in both your Hands, then and there had and held, towards and against the said *Charles John Drew*, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of Malice afore-thought, did discharge and shoot off. You the said *Charles Drew* otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, then and there well-knowing the said Gun to have been loaded as aforesaid. And you the said *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, with the Pieces of Lead aforesaid, then and there discharged, and shot out of the said Gun, by the Force of the Gunpowder as aforesaid, him the said *Charles John Drew*, in and upon the left Side of the Body, under the left Breast, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of Malice aforethought, did strike and penetrate; giving to him the said *Charles John Drew*, then and there with the Pieces of Lead afore-

said, so as aforesaid discharged and shot, in and upon the said left Side of him the said *Charles John Drew* under the left Breast, one mortal Wound, of the Breadth of a Quarter of an Inch, and of the Depth of six Inches. Of which mortal Wound the said *Charles John Drew*, then and there instantly died. And so the Jurors for our Lord the King upon their Oath do say, that you the said *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, the aforesaid *Charles Drew* in Manner and Form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of Malice aforethought, did kill and murder, against the Peace of our said Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

How say you, *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, are you guilty of the Indictment, or not guilty?

Pris. Not guilty, my Lord.

Clerk. How will you be tried.

Pris. By God and my County.

Co. for the King. My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, I am Council on the Side of the Prosecution, and, Gent. Murder, at all Times, and in all Nations, have been accounted a Crime of the blackest Dye; how much more then is it aggravated when it is swelled up to Parricide; what Horror must the Prisoner endure, who, as we shall be able immediately to prove, hath harden'd himself to commit so impious a Deed, as to murder his own Father! to stop the vital Source from whence he first drew Breath! And tho' the present Age swarms with impious and perfidious Examples, yet the Prisoner must be acknowledged to be a Criminal of the First Rate.

Gentlemen, Mr. *Charles John Drew*, was an Attorney of great Practice at *Long Melford*, of a very fair Character, by which he had acquired a very considerable Fortune, as I have heard to the Amount of 60,000 *l.* He was the Father of five Daughters, and one Son, the unhappy Prisoner at the Bar. He was an indulgent Father, and allowed this his Son, 200 *l.* a Year for his Pocket. But when we come to show you what Life he led, the Company he kept, contrary

to his Father's Advice and Instruction, and the Excesses and Debauches he fell into, you will not be so much surpriz'd as you are at present, that the Prisoner committed so atrocious an Act for which he stands now arraign'd. The Prisoner got acquainted with Smugglers and Poachers, who are a Herd of mean People, but of such wicked Resolution as to perpetrate the most daring Villanies. This Acquaintance led him to that of lewd Women, of the most abandoned Reputation who continually drained him of his Money, and reduced him to several Shifts and Evasions to support his lewd Courses; 'twas then that his vicious Companions laid hold of the Opportunity to buzz in his Ears, that it was a shame *the Father should possess so plentiful an Estate and the Son be in continual want of Money.*

Gentlemen, It was the Company and Conversation of lewd Women, that led this unhappy Youth to commit the Crime for which he now stands before you, and one of these as it will appear upon Evidence, lent him the Gun with which he perpetrated the Murder of his own Father. Gentlemen, by our Witnesses we shall prove that the Prisoner is guilty. We shall show you in what Manner he did the horrid Act, how he endeavoured to corrupt the King's Evidence in order to screen himself from Justice, that he fled to *London*, and how he was there providentially discover'd, carried before a Justice, and committed to *Newgate*, and his Behaviour there. All which Gentlemen appear upon Evidence.

I doubt not, Gentlemen when we have call'd our Witnesses to the Fact, and proved the Prisoner kill'd his own Father, but you will find him guilty of the Indictment.

Christopher Colby, was called and sworn.

Court. *Colby*, tell the Jury what you know of the Murder of *Charles John Drew*.

Colby. I was Servant to the Deceased at the Time of his Death, I went to Bed about 9 o'Clock, and at six the next Morning, I saw my Master lie on the

10 *The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq;*

Ground, near the Office Door, and thinking him to be in a Fit, I ran up again, to a Boy who was my Bedfellow, and bid him get up for his Master was either dead, or in a Swoon.

Court. What do you mean by the Office Door?

Colby. The Necessary, that was some small Distance from the House, which at first, made me think, that my Master had got up in the Night to do his Occasions and fell down there in a Swoon.

Edward Pickering, a Servant. I seeing my Master lie on the Ground, I ran directly down to the Lower House, and told them my Master was either dead or had Fits.

Court. Who was your Master?

Pickering. Mr. *Charles John Drew.*

Juryman. Did not your Master and his Family live together in one House?

Pickering. No, nor have not liv'd together for several Years.

Court. Did not the Prisoner live in the same House with his Father?

Colby. No. He was so irregular in his Behaviour that my Master would not put up with it.

Court. Prisoner, Will you ask this Witness any Questions?

Pris. Whether he did not tell me, that his Master was alive at 12, that Night he was kill'd?

Colby. My Lord, I never did, tho' the Prisoner tells me I did say so, in a Letter he sent to me when he was in Goal.

[The Letter was produc'd and read as follow:]

Clerk. Signed, *Charles Drew.*

Christopher,

I Hope you remember what you told me, and that was your Master was alive at 12, that Night he was kill'd; therefore I hope you will be so good as to be at the Assizes, and affirm *That*; which will be of very great Service to me. And go to *Ann Child* of the Lower-

Lower-House, and desire her to be at the Assizes, and let her know she could very safely swear, that she let (left) me there at (*Lower House*) at 11 that Night. If you and she will do this, there is no one can hurt me, and you will ever oblige,

Your Friend and Servant,

Don't mind the Report
of the World.

Charles Drew.

James Drew. I was call'd out of Bed early the Morning after the Prisoner's Father was kill'd, and I went to the Deceased's House, and felt his Hands and Face and thought him dead: Some Hours after he was laid upon the Bed, I found five Wounds upon him.

Lawrence Rainbird, Surg. I examin'd the Wounds of the Deceased, and attended the Coroner's Inquest; whilst they were sitting, and found five Holes in the Breast of the Deceased, and three in his Back; and I took three Balls out of his Body, which were the Cause of his Death.

[Then Mr. *Mason*, one of the Coroner's Inquest, was call'd and Sworn.

Mason. Whilst the Coroner and Jury sat upon the Body of the Deceased, the Prisoner was several Times requested to attend the Inquiry, but, tho' he was in the House, he absolutely refused to appear.

[*Edward Humphries* was admitted an Evidence, and sworn.

Humphries. I have known the Prisoner *Charles Drew* several Years, and likewise the Deceased, I have employed him several Times as an Attorney.

Court. What Business do you follow?

Humph. I have dealt in Brandies,

Prisf. My Lord, he is a Smuggler.

Court. Do you know any Thing of what the Prisoner should say relating to his Father's Usage?

Humph. I have heard the Prisoner say, he wished his Father dead, because he never allowed him any

Money, and that he had been oblig'd to borrow Money at Interest of several Persons, but I never heard him talk of killing his Father till the Night the Murder was committed.

Court. Did you ever hear what the Deceased allowed the Prisoner for Pocket Money?

Humph. I can't say directly what the Sum was, but I have heard 200 l. a Year, and he had the Use of the Deceased's Hunting Dogs?

Court. Where was you the Night when the Murder was committed?

Humph. I was coming from *Witham*, and I saw the Prisoner at the Back-Gate, at the Upper-House belonging to his Father.

Court. What Time was it?

Humph. My Lord, It was at Night, about 11 o'Clock.

Court. What Business had you at *Witham* that Day?

Humph. I live near that Place.

Court. When you saw the Prisoner what did he say to you?

Humph. He asked me to go to the Lower-House (about a Quarter of a Mile off) I saw a Gun in his Hand, which he put in the little House in the Orchard, we went together, and there we drank a Dram?

Court. Did not you ask him what he did with that Gun at that Time of Night?

Humph. My Lord, the Prisoner is used to Frolicks, and I look'd on it as one of them.

Court. Where did you go after you left the little House?

Humph. The Prisoner desired me to go to *Lynton-Hall*, and as we went along, the Prisoner took the Gun out of the little House, and then we went forward towards the Deceased's House.

Court. Where was you when the Prisoner took the Gun out of the little House?

Humph. I was close to the Prisoner, and I walk'd along with him up to his Father's House,

Court.

Court. And what pass'd between you and the Prisoner as you pass'd along?

Humph. My Lord, the Prisoner told me if I would take the Gun, and do with it what he should bid me, he would settle on me a Hundred a Year. Upon which I took the Gun, as we went on he proposed to me, that he would go to his Father's House knock at the Door, and when his Father came down, said he, do you shoot him.

Court. And what said you to that?

Humph. My Lord, I undertook to shoot Mr. Charles John Drew, but when I drew nearer to the House, my Heart misgave me, and I told the Prisoner I would not do it.

Court. And what follow'd?

Humph. The Prisoner took the Gun out of my Hand and said, then I will shoot him myself. But I endeavoured to dissuade him from it?

Court. Where was you and the Prisoner then?

Humph. We were near old Mr. Drew's House, and I saw him go up to his Father's Door, and knock at it.

Court. When you saw the Prisoner so resolute, why did not you endeavour to prevent the Murder by making an Outcry?

Humph. I did, my Lord, but the Prisoner threaten'd to shoot me.

Court. How far distant were you, when the Prisoner shot his Father?

Humph. Not twenty Yards off. I saw the whole Action. The Prisoner knock'd at the Deceased's Door, and the Deceased open'd a Window and said, "Charles is it you? Yes," said the Prisoner. "Charles," said Old Drew, "I will let you in presently." Accordingly, my Lord, the Deceased came down, open'd the Door, and immediately the Prisoner shot his Father.

Court. Are you sure you saw the Prisoner shoot the Deceased?

Humph.

Humpb. Yes, my Lord, immediately after the Gun went off, I saw Mr. *Charles John Drew* fall down, and soon after the Prisoner came up to me, and we walk'd the Length of two Fields together, towards *Lyston-Hall*, and as we were going along the Prisoner told me, *the Jobb was done*.

Court. Where did you go then?

Humpb. I walked about a Quarter of a Mile with the Prisoner towards *Lyston-Hall*, and took Horse to go to *Dunmow*, where I had appointed to meet some Friends that Night.

Court. And from thence where did you go?

Humpb. To *London*; where the Prisoner and I agreed I should go. I went to Mr. *Mace's* Lodgings, at the *Angel and Crown* in *Fleet Lane*, and the Prisoner was to direct a Letter to me under the Name of *John Smith*, Surgeon, to be left at Mr. *Mace's* for me, with a Bank Note inclosed for 100 l. which was to defray my Expences. My Lord, I received a Letter from the Prisoner, but in it no Bank Note.

[Here the Letter was produced and read.]

Clerk. Signed, *Charles Drew*.

To Mr. John Smith, Surgeon at Mr. *Mace's* at the *Angel and Crown* in *Fleet Lane*, *London*,

S I R,

SEVERAL Persons begin to think, that You kill'd my Father, because you are absent. I therefore would advise you to return to *Melford* on the Receipt hereof, to remove the Suspicion. I would have sent You the Bank Note, but as it is necessary you should come hither with Speed, lest it should miscarry I have resery'd it to give it You myself. I will take Care *Humphries* you come to no Harm.

Feb. 16. 1739.

Your's, *Charles Drew*.

Court.

Court. Go on, Witness.

Humph. Accordingly, I immediately return'd to *Melford*, and the Coroner's Inquest having set on the Body of *Mr. Charles John Drew*, it was freely talk'd that I was the Person who had murder'd him, and upon the Suspicion I was taken up and committed to *Bury Gaol*.

Court. How long was it after you return'd to *Melford* before you was sent to Gaol?

Humph. Two Days.

Court. What pass'd between the Prisoner and you, during that Time?

Humph. The Prisoner promised me he would supply me with Money in Case I should be taken up and confin'd, on Account of his Father's Death; and when I was in Gaol the Prisoner threaten'd Destruction to all, who should be aiding or assisting in my Prosecution, and he declar'd he would give 30,000*l.* (which he said, was half the Estate he got by his Father's Death) rather than I should be prosecuted for such an Offence. Soon after, the Prisoner went to *London*, and I being in Gaol, and in great Want of Money, sent a Letter inclosed for the Prisoner, directed for *William Mace*, at the *Angel and Crown*, in *Fleet Lane*, in which I requested him to send me the 100*l.* he had promised me for my Subsistence.

[The Letters were read:]

Clerk. Signed, *John Smith*.

S I R,

I Beg you'd be so kind as to find out the Gentleman as the Inclosed is directed; for I must put you in Mind, that there may be no Delays, but have it done this Night, if you can. I am,

Your Humble Servant,

March 9, 1739.

John Smith.

To Charles Drew, Esq; with Speed and Care.

S I R,

THIS Day I receiv'd your Kind Favour, which I return you Thanks for the same. I am very sorry that you should leave your Home on this Account; I make no doubt but all Things will go well. I must beg you will be pleased to send me some Money, for this Place is very expensive, and there is nothing to be done without, as the Case now stands with me at this Time. If you please to send me about One Hundred Pounds, I make no Fear but all Things will go well. You may send your Man to me very safe, and let him come by the Way of New Market to me. If you can no Way send your Man, you may direct to be left at my Wife's Brother James Ambrose, in Balingdon. If you have not so much Cash by you, you may send it in Bank Notes, and make it up in a Parcel. I shall remain Council in the Country. I have employ'd an Attorney in Bury. Pray, let me hear from you by Wednesday at Night, without Fail, from,

Your's, John Smith.

March 9, 1739-40.

Court. Had you no Money of the Prisoner?

Humph. When I was in Custody, I had Twenty Pounds of him.

Court. When was the Twenty Pounds receiv'd? Was it before or after you sent the Letter?

Humph. I cannot tell whether it was before or after, but I remember that it was about a Fortnight after the Murder was committed, I ask'd the Prisoner, "If he was not concern'd at the Death of his Father?" He told me, "He was not; for if he had liv'd he would have ruin'd the Family." The Prisoner told me, he would do something for me, on Account of the Acquaintance we formerly had had together, and

that he heard nothing of *Drew's* Death, till after he had been in *London*. The Prisoner did promise me, One Thousand Pounds, if I could keep a Secret.

Court. Prisoner, Have you any Questions to ask the Evidence?

Prisoner. My Lord, I desire the Witness may be ask'd, Whether the Gun he had of me was loaded, what was in it; and who own'd it?

Humph. My Lord, I cannot tell, whether the Gun was loaded, but the Gun was, as the Prisoner told me, Mr. *Richardson's*, and his House-keeper Mrs. *Boyer* lent it to him, and the Prisoner said it had Slugs in it, and that it was ready primed, and that he would engage it would do the Business.

Pris. Whether we had not a Design of going a shooting of Partridges the next Morning, and whether he did not request to go home with me that Night, in order to get up the next Morning?

Humph. No, my Lord, I had no such Intentions, but I went with him in order to shoot his Father.

[In Order to corroborate this Evidence, *William Mace* was called, and sworn.

Mace. My Lord, I have been acquainted with *Humphries* some Time, I have been a Smugler, and so was *Humphries*. *Humphries* was brought Prisoner to the Fleet for Smuggling, where I become acquainted with him. On the first of *February*, about five or six o'Clock, he came to me, I had not seen him for a long Time before, he desired me to help him to a Lodging; and it being Night, I told him, he should be welcome to lie with me that Night, and in the Morning I would go and take a Lodging for him. He said, he had rode very hard, and was much tired; and that he came to Town about some Law Business, and expected a Letter, with a hundred Pound Bank Note there, which (he said) was to be directed for *John Smith*, a Surgeon, and to be left for him at my Lodgings, and which he desired me to take care of; and *Humphries* acknowledg'd, that the pretended *John Smith* was himself

self. *Humphries* receiv'd the Letter, but not the Bank Note: Upon which he said, he must go down into the Country, and accordingly he did set out; after which, he was taken up, on Account of this Fact, and the Prisoner gave me three Guineas and two half Guineas, to go down to *Bury* Goal to *Humphries*, to see what I could say to him; and at the same Time, he told me *Humphries* should not be hang'd. Accordingly I went to *Bury*, and saw *Humphries*, after which I went to *Studbury*, where the Prisoner had appointed to meet me, that he might be inform'd what had pass'd between me and *Humphries*, but the Prisoner did not come, according to his Appointment.

Court. Did you carry a Letter to the Prisoner.

Mace. I went to *Staples Inn* Coffee-house, in *Holborn*, and at the Bar I enquired for Mr. *Drew*. I did not know the Gentleman, for I had never seen him in my Life; and a Gentleman sitting in the publick Coffee Room, said his Name was *Drew*, on which I deliver'd him the Letter. The Gentleman read it; he desir'd me to leave my Name, and where I liv'd, that he might send to me, so I told him that I lodg'd at the *Angel and Crown*; a Publick House, in *Fleet-lane*. This Gentleman sent for me to a Coffee-house at *Fleet-ditch*, and desir'd me to go with him to the other End of the Town, which I agreed to, and he had me carried before Justice *De Veil*, who examin'd me relating to this Murder, but I knew nothing about it, nor could say further than I knew. By which I found I had deliver'd the Letter to Mr. *T. Drew*, instead of the Prisoner.

Timothy Drew. My Lord, *Mace*, not knowing where to find Mr. *Charles Drew*, enquir'd next Morning at *Mackrel's* Coffeehouse, in *Bartlett's Buildings*, *Holborn*, if they knew one Mr. *Drew*. The People in the House told him they knew Mr. *Drew* very well, and immediately sent for me. As soon as he saw me, he said, You are not the Gentleman I want. I told him my Name was *Drew*, and asked him what he wanted.

wanted. Mr. *Mace*, otherwise Capt. *Ratt*, said, I have a Letter here, but I have forgot where the Gentleman lives I am to deliver it to. I told him it was strange he did not know how to deliver his Letter, and asked him if I should assist him? Upon which the Captain readily delivered the Letter to me. I left the Coffee-house, and read it, after which I returned to the same Place, and I told the Capt. I had taken Care of the Letter. Upon talking with *Mace*, I found he was a Smugler, and bargain'd with him for two Pounds of Tea. I persuaded the Captain to go to my Chambers in a Coach, and when he was in the Coach, I order'd the Coachman to drive to Colonel *De Veil's*; where the Captain behaved very indecently and told the Colonel he was a Smugler, and had broke 13 Gaols already, and swore he would break another and would be next Week in *France*, upon which he was committed to the *Gate-House*.

Court. And what happen'd afterwards?

T. Drew. The next Morning I sent to the *Crown-Inn*, in *Holborn*, to enquire for Mr. *Gent*, who being in Town, I left word, that I desired to speak with him, and he came the next Day to me, and I told him I had Business with Mr. *Charles Drew*, and we agreed to sup altogether that Evening, at the *King's-Arms Tavern*. At the Time appointed Mr. *Gent* met me, but the Prisoner not appearing, I asked *Gent*, why Mr. *Charles Drew* had disappointed him? He replied, because there are a great many People in the House, and some of them are Officers.

Court. He meant Sergeants?

T. Drew. I believe so, my Lord. I had Colonel *De Viel's* Warrant to apprehend *Charles Drew*, in my Pocket, back'd by an Alderman of *London*, and intended to have taken him that Night, but was disappointed. However I was inform'd, that he had been at the Tavern Door that Night, but suspecting something he durst not venture into the House; and I got Intelligence, that he went by the Name of *Tho.*

Roberts, and lodged in *Sheer Lane*. I got proper Assistance and went the next Morning to the Old Boot-shop, where I enquir'd for Mr. *Roberts*, the People of the House denied him, and said, no Gentleman lived there. But this not being satisfactory I caused the House to be searched diligently, but did not find the Prisoner. Upon this Disappointment I search'd several Coffee-Houses in and about *Leicester-fields*, to no Purpose; till, at last, I thought of enquiring after him at some Bagnio's, and immediately went to *Eastmead's* at the *Crown* in *Leicester-fields*, and enquired if a young Gentleman, one Mr. *Roberts*, did not come in there late last Night, or early that Morning? One whom I took to be the Master of the House told me, some Gentlemen had lodged there last Night, but now they were all gone, and there was no Man in the House, and immediately on having said this, he went backwards. I tripp'd softly after him, and heard him say to the Servants: Do you hear---there is no Body here; upon which they all declar'd there was no one in the House. I told him, if Mr. *Roberts* was there they must not deny him, for I came from Mr. *Gent*, and had a Letter to deliver into his own Hands. Still every one denied him, but having some Suspicion of his being there, sat down, and call'd for a Pint of Wine, which being brought, I desir'd the Waiter to sit down and drink with me. After some Talk and Importunity I found the Waiter's Name was *Matthew Manning*. Mr. *Manning*, said I, my Service to you, (drinking to him;) but Mr. *Manning* I must tell you, that I know Mr. *Roberts* is here, and his right Name is *Charles Drew*; he has murder'd his Father, and if you secret a Murderer, I will blow Mr. *Eastmead's* House up. Pray Sir, says *Matt*. don't speak so loud. I tell you said I, I will speak louder still, and will have you taken up for hiding a Murderer; therefore, tell me the Truth immediately. *Matt*. then acknowledged that truly there was such a Gentleman in the House, and he was just come from serving

serving him with Tea. I bid him go immediately to him, and tell him a Gentleman waited on him with a Message from Mr. Gent; and must speak with him. Upon this, Charles Drew order'd me into his Room. As soon as I enter'd, I ask'd him, if his Name was Roberts? He said, it was. Then Sir, I have a Message to you from Mr. Gent, he desires to speak with you, at the Crown-Inn, in Holborn. Very well (says Charles Drew) I'll wait on him directly. But, Sir, says I, (with an angry Voice) I have something else to say to you, (holding up my Cane) you have been the Murderer of your own Father, and you must go directly with me before Colonel De Veil; your Name is Charles Drew, and not Roberts.

Court. Do you know any Thing relating to Mrs. E. Boyer?

T. Drew. I do verily believe, that Mrs. B. did deliver out the Gun that shot Mr. Charles John Drew; for, I have been credibly inform'd, she has said, I wish Somebody would shoot Mr. Charles John Drew. And Mr. Allen says, Mrs. B. pass'd for the Prisoner's Wife, and continu'd with him as such, during her Stay; and that he went up into the Prisoner's Chamber one Morning, where he found her in Bed, and very much disorder'd at the same Time, calling out, that the Goaler was coming for her, and that she should be clap'd in Irons.

Elizabeth Ellet. I saw Humphries, waiting in a great Coat, not half a Stone's Cast from the Door of the Deceased, about 11 o'Clock the same Night he was murder'd. I heard a Noise at the Deceased's about One in the Morning, the Cause of which I know not; and soon after the Noise, I heard a Groaning, as if a Man was dying, and something at the same Time like kicking against a Door; but I was so affrighted, I durst not venture out, to see what was the Matter. I had seen Humphries divers times before the Commission of the Fact, waiting about the Door of the Deceased.

Matthew Ambrose. On the 12th Day of *January* last I drank three Pints of Ale with *Edward Humpbries*, at my own House, when he had some of Mr. *Charles Drew's* Dogs with him; and he then declar'd, that it was no more Sin to shoot Mr. Charles John Drew, than to shoot a Cat. And *Humpbries* then said, that the Prisoner would settle on (the Witness) or any other Person, that would kill the old Gentleman, a 100 *l.* a Year, for Life. The Night after the Murder, between 11 and 12 at Night, I was leaning over a Rail, near the Deceased's House; and the Prisoner was then coming towards the said House, and when he was got pretty near, he (not being able, I suppose to distinguish who I was in the Dark) cried out with some Emotion and Surprize: "If you are an evil Spirit depart; and if you are a good Spirit speak to me."

William Ambrose. *Edward Humpbries* came to my House, on the Ninth of *January* last, and enquir'd, whether *Old Drew* was at his Upper House? But in the Interim, Mr. *Drew* was going to his House, when *Humpbries* said: "There goes the Old Rogue, young Charles will give any Person an Hundred Pounds that will shoot him:" Upon which, I replied, it was a small Matter to kill a Man for. Pshoo, said *Humpbries*, there is no more Sin to shoot him, than a Cat, or a Dog.

Daniel Whittingham. On the 26th Day of *January* last, *Edward Humpbries* passed by me, and I said, *Humpbries* you have got a good Great Coat on: To which *Humpbries* answer'd, that I might have as good a one, if I would perform what was mention'd, too; and, when I ask'd, what that was, *Humpbries* answer'd, if I would shoot Mr. *Charles John Drew*, or Mr. *Richardson*. And *Edward Humpbries* desired me, to make away, or destroy, a Woman, about two Years ago.

Richardson. On the 21st Day of *Feb.* last, the Prisoner applied to me, to know how he should proceed,

on the Death of his late Deceased Father. I advised him to send for the Coroner, to take an Inquisition of the Manner of his Death. The Coroner was sent for, who summoned a Jury, made Inquisition, and it was found, the Deceased was shot by some Person unknown. On the 14th Day of *Feb.* following I was with him at his House doing Business. Before the same was compleated, one *Andrew Grover*, a Constable in the said Town, had taken *Edward Humpbries*, and carried him before Sir *Cordel Firebrace*. The Prisoner hearing *Humpbries* was in Custody, was a good deal surpris'd thereat, and sent me to know, on what Account the said *Humpbries*, was taken into Custody. On my Return I informed the Prisoner it was on Suspicion of murdering his Father, which put the Prisoner into such a Passion with the Officer for taking him, that he swore he would ruin him; and said, as the Family did not concern themselves about the Murder, what was it to him? And before I left the Prisoner, Sir *Cordel Firebrace*, sent for me, by the Constable who had taken *Humpbries*, into Custody. And the said Constable being (by the Prisoner) sent for into his Room, went and told him the Cause of his taking up *Humpbries*; the Prisoner with a great deal of Heat and Passion, told the Constable he would ruin him for so doing. On my leaving the Prisoner in order to wait on Sir *Cordel*, he press'd me to use my utmost Endeavours to get *Humpbries* discharged, and for so doing he would make me a suitable Return. Whereupon I was the more pressing to have *Humpbries* prosecuted, knowing his Character, and believing him to be a Person fit for such an Enterprize. And at the same Time I very earnestly desired the Prisoner, to wait on Sir *Cordel Firebrace*, and appear against *Humpbries*, to clear himself of some Aspersions thrown upon him, for being Accessary with *Humpbries*. But instead of his appearing he was the more solicitous for getting him discharged. Whilst *Humpbries* was examining the Prisoner was ve-

ry uneasy, desired me to get his Discharge, and declared he would not be at one Penny Expence in the Prosecution. I told the Prisoner that if he did not appear against *Humphries* and prosecute him, he would slur his own Character and Reputation. To which the Prisoner answer'd, What would you have me to do? As the Fact is done, the best must be made of a bad Market. Upon which I asked him, why he was so uneasy about *Humphries*? And told him what his Friends said, about having employed *Humphries*, and that he ought to appear strenuously in his Prosecution, and not endeavour to stifle it, for if he did, all the World must be convinced, that he did actually set *Humphries* at work. To which he answered, that he did it not, but still insisted on my not appearing against *Humphries*, as a Prosecutor, or otherwise, and he would give me any Satisfaction whatsoever. But upon this I wholly declined being concerned for Mr. *Drew* in all his Affairs, because by all Circumstances, he was privy to the Murder of his said Father.

James Gent, jun. The Prisoner thought proper to leave the Country, and having made his Will, and two Letters of Attorney, and a Draught for conveying away his Estate, changed his Cloaths and came up to *London*, where he went by the Name, of *Thomas Roberts*.

Walter Wilby. On *Saturday* the 16th of *Feb.* last past, the Prisoner called me out of his Kitchen, at his House in *Malford-Street*, into the Garden, and gave me 5 Guineas, and order'd me to give the 5 Guineas to *Humphries*, for said he I believe *Humphries* is not guilty, and I am determin'd he shall not want for Money, while he is in Goal, and I gave the five Guineas, or near the Sum, to *Humphries's* Wife, and told her who they came from.

Sarah Wright. On *Thursday* Night the 21st of *Jan.* last, the Prisoner came home between 8 and 9 o'Clock in the Evening; upon which Mrs. *Bridget Drew* order'd me to take the Key of his Chamber, and make

make his Bed; upon which he said, I should not have the Key, for that he was going out, and should not be at home that Night. Upon which Mrs. *Ursula Drew* reply'd, *Charles*, don't play any more of these Tricks; for I won't tell any more lies for you; your Father rapp'd at your Door this Morning, and I told him, you was in Bed, and asleep. Between ten and eleven of the Clock in the same Evening, *John Pyke* of *Lyston*, came into the Kitchen and asked for young Mr. *Charles Drew*: Upon which I went into the Parlour, and told him, and *Pyke* went immediately into the Yard, where he stay'd (as I was informed by the Man Servant) 'till Mr. *Charles Drew* came out, and then they went away together. And within seven Days before Mr. *Charles John Drew* (my late Master) was killed, Mr. *Charles Drew* had *Humphries*, *Wilby*, and *Clark*, to drink a Bowl of Punch with him; after that they had been a shooting some Larks, they shot for a Bottle of Rum, as I heard the Prisoner say, so I think it could not be on the Sunday. The Prisoner had one Set of Company more with him, before his Father Mr. *Charles John Drew* was shot; but *Humphries* was not one of them. Tho' I have often heard *Humphries* say, in the Kitchen, it was a Pity that Man, meaning Mr. *Charles John Drew*, was not shot.

Thomas Partridge. About One of the Clock in the Morning, Mr. *Charles John Drew* was found Murdered, I saw the Prisoner, (the Son of the said *Charles John Drew*) come out of the Passage leading from the Dwelling House of *Edward Humphries*, with a Horse in his Hand; and as soon as the Prisoner was through the Passage or Entry, he mounted his Horse, and rode down the Street towards *Sudbury*.

Jobnathan Keate. The Prisoner while he was in Custody in Newgate treated with me in order to his making an escape to *France*, To induce me to consent thereto he gave me a Note, promising me the Enjoyment of half his Fortune, and another to oblige himself to

26 *The Trial of Charles Draw, Esq;*

stand to the same Agreement, though he should receive his Majesty's Leave to return to *England*. The Prisoner for my farther Security gave me a Bond, whereby he obliged himself, his Heirs, &c. under the Penalty of 2000 l. to pay to me 1000 l. for his good Services.

[Here the Notes were produced and read]

Clerk. Signed, *Charles Draw*.

16 March 1740.

I do hereby promise, consent and agree, that if *Jonathan Keate Turkes* (Turnkey) of *Newgate London*, will go with me into *France*, as a Companion, and for other Services done me, and is to do me, I will allow him yearly Half my Fortune during the Term of my natural Life. Witness my Hand the Day and Year abovesaid.

Charles Draw.

And farther, I do hereby promise the said *Jonathan Keate*, that if I do return into *England* again by His Majesty's Indemnity, or otherwise whatsoever, to allow him the same part of my Fortune as aforesaid, if the said *Jonathan Keate* is alive. Witness the Day and Year abovesaid.

Charles Draw.

Pris. My Lord, I desire the Witness may be asked, whether he and others did not use me ill, and that I made those Promises and gave him a Bond in order to get me out of that dismal Prison, that I might go down to *Melford*?

Keate. My Lord, the Prisoner was not used ill in *Newgate*, and as for the Notes they speak for themselves.

Akerman. My Lord, I being acquainted with the Prisoner's Proposal of going to *France*, I, just before the Project was to have been put in Execution, removed the Prisoner into the Old Condemn'd Hold, and appointed a constant Watch to be set over him Day and Night.

Pris.

Pris. Did I ever say any Thing to you about go-
in to France?

Akerman. No.

Andrew Grover. Constable, My Lord, this is the
Gun, which *Humphreys* had upon him when I took
him, and likewise the Cloaths the Deceased had on
when he was murdered.

James Drew. My Lord, these are the Cloaths of
the Deceased.

Andrew Grover. I took *Humphreys* in the Fields with
the Gun upon him; and after I had secured him. I
went and searched his House, and found his Children
playing with Bullets, instead of Marbles; and upon
farther Search, I found a Bag of Bullets mixed with
Poison.

R. F. My Lord, all I know in Relation to the Pri-
soner is, that he wrote to me and desired me to forward
a Letter to his Sister, inclosed in one of mine.

Clerk. Signed, *C. Drew*, and *R. F.*

*For Miss Bridget Drew, at her House, in Long Mel-
ford, near Sudbury.*

P R A Y, my Dear, get your Sister *Cawston*, and
you both, to speak to Mr. *Richardson* to stand
my Friend, and to speak to Sir *Cordel* in my Behalf.
C. Drew.

*To Miss Bridget Drew, at her House, in Long Melford,
near Sudbury, Suffolk.*

Madam,

E Nclosed you receive a Letter from your Brother,
and at his Request, I am farther to desire of you,
to go immediately on the Receipt of this to Mr. *P.*
of *Clare*, and get a proper Conveyance made to you
of his real Estate; which, I suppose, must be made
by Lease and Release; however, he knows best, be-
sides which, he desires that you would get a Deed of
Gift of his Personal Estate, both of which he desires
may be sent by one of the Mr. *Barker*'s, ready for

28 *The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq;*

him to Sign. I most sincerely wish, that any Thing in my Power, could be serviceable to my Friend; but this is all I am at present to be entrusted with.

I am, *Madam,*

Your very humble Servant,

Colchester, March

22. 1739

R. F.

[The Prisoner in his Defence call'd,

Mr. Smith. I cannot say much in the Prisoner's Behalf, I wish I could.

Richardson. I have often heard *Humphries* declare, " That it was no more Sin to shoot old *Drew*, than to kill a Cat or Rat.

Juryman. Did you ever hear *Humphries* say, since the Murder was committed, that he did shoot Old *Mr. Drew*?

Richardson. No, never; but these Reports of what he had said before, occasion'd *H.* to be taken into Custody, and to be committed to Gaol.

John Hart. I believe *Humphries* shot *Mr. Drew*, and most People thought the Prisoner had some Hand in it.

John Pyke. I believe *Humphries* was the Man that shot Old *Drew*.

Ann Chinnery. The Prisoner came to Mrs. B's at *Lyston-Hall*, on the Night the Fact was committed, and immediately upon his coming in, he pulled out his Watch, and said, "'Tis now a Quarter past Eleven, by my Watch.

Court. Was there any Clock in the House?

A. Chinnery. Yes, there was.

Court. And the Prisoner said those very Words when he came in?

Chinnery. Yes, those were the very Words — the Prisoner lay there all Night, and staid till Seven o'Clock the next Morning.

E. Eller. My Lord, it was about One o'Clock in the Morning, that I heard the Noise at the Deceased's Door,

Door, and the Groaning as it were of Somebody dying.

Juryman. What did you think the Noise you then heard was?

Ellet. The Letting-off of a Gun, and soon after I heard the Clock strike One.

Court. Was you up at that Time?

Ellet. Yes, my Lord, I was just going to Bed.

Court. You said before you was so affrighted, that you dare not venture out to see what was the Matter, why did not you desire your Husband to go?

Ellet. My Lord, he was a Bed, and asleep.

[The Council for the Prosecution then call'd:

Mary Wellum. *Anne Chinnery* told me, *Charles Drew* did not lie at *Lyston-Hall*, the Night his Father was shot.

Daniel Ford. My Lord, I heard *Anne Chinnery* say, that the Prisoner did not lie at *Lyston-Hall*, the Night his Father was shot.

Court. Prisoner, now is the Time for you to make your Defence.

Prisoner's Defence.

My Lord, the Night the Murder was committed, I was coming towards my Father's House, when *Edward Humphries* came up to me, with a Gun in his Hand, and propos'd to me, if I would give him 1000*l.* he would shoot my Father. No, said I to him, I will not. Then, said he to me, I will do it myself for Diversion, for I think it is no more a Sin to shoot old Mr. *Drew*, than to shoot a Dog or Cat. I endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, and he seem'd so to be, and went as it were away. Then I went to my Father's Door, and knock'd at it, in Order to go to Bed, for I wanted to be out of *Humphries's* Way, lest he should shoot me, and as I stood with my Face to the Door, my Father came down and open'd the Door, and then *Humphries* came up suddenly behind me and shot my Father, and let the Gun

Gun fall, and immediately ran away. I pursued him, and soon overtook him, but he being on Horseback, he said, he would not stay to parley with me, and rode directly for *London*. My Father being dead, I went up to *London* to prove his Will, and not knowing how to find out the Villain, I applied to the Secretary of State, and this Advertisement I have now in my Hand was publish'd in the *London Gazette*.

Clerk. Signed, *Harrington*, and *John Gent*. jun.

Whitehall, Feb. 12.

‘ **W**HEREAS *Charles John Drew*, late of
 ‘ *Melford*, in the County of *Suffolk*, Attorney
 ‘ at Law, was on *Thursday* the first of *January* last,
 ‘ between the Hours of Twelve and One in the Night,
 ‘ barbarously and cruelly murder’d and robb’d, in his
 ‘ House, by Persons unknown, being shot in the Bo-
 ‘ dy with divers Slugs, which have been since taken
 ‘ out of the Deceased; his Majesty, for the better dis-
 ‘ covering, and bringing to Justice the Persons con-
 ‘ cerned therein, is pleas’d to promise his most grac-
 ‘ ious Pardon to any one of them who shall discover
 ‘ his Accomplice or Accomplices, except the Person
 ‘ who actually committed the said Murder, so as he,
 ‘ or they, may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

HARRINGTON.

‘ And as a farther Encouragement for the Discove-
 ‘ ry of such Offender or Offenders, *John Gent*, junior,
 ‘ of *Sudbury* in the County of *Suffolk*, by the Order,
 ‘ and Direction of Mr. *Charles Drew* of *Melford* afore-
 ‘ said, does hereby promise a Reward of one hundred
 ‘ Pounds, to be paid on the Conviction of any, or ei-
 ‘ ther of the Persons concern’d in the said Murder,
 ‘ except the Person who actually committed the same.

John Gent, junior.

My Lord, *Humbert* was then obliged to leave
London, and thought to secrete himself in the Coun-
 try,

try, and therefore he went thither, and here, my Lord, he was taken with the very same Gun upon him, he did the Fact with, and was committed to Gaol. My Lord, I am innocent of the Fact, and what I have related is the real Truth.

Judge. Gentlemen of the Jury, *Charles Drew*, otherwise *Thomas Roberts*, has been indicted for the Murder of his own Father, *Charles John Drew*. The Prosecutor has call'd his Evidences to the Fact. *Humphries*, the most material Evidence, tells you, that he was with the Prisoner when he did the Act, and that he stood near him, and saw him shoot Mr. *Charles John Drew*. You have heard the several Circumstances of the Affair, which has been related to you by the several Witnesses. The Prisoner, in his Defence, denies the Fact, and says, that *Humphries*, whilst he, the Prisoner, was knocking at his Father's Door, stood behind him, and when Mr. *Charles John Drew* came down, and had open'd the Door, he shot the Deceased. He has call'd an Evidence, who says, that the Prisoner was at *Lyster-Hall*, at the Time the Murder was committed. But this being contrary to what the Prisoner has said, that he was present at the Murder of the Deceased, you will have no Regard to it. I think, the Evidence and Circumstances of the Fact are strong, and fully prov'd, on the Side of the Prosecution. But, Gentlemen, you will take the Whole into your Consideration, and if you give Credit to the King's Evidence, you will find him guilty, but if you believe the Prisoner and his Evidences, then you will acquit him.

The Jury went out, and deliberately consider'd the Evidence given, and then returned.

Clerk. Gentlemen of the Jury, answer to your Names. Who shall say for you?

Jury. The Foreman.

Clerk. Look upon the Prisoner, at the Bar. How say

32 *The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq.*

say you, is he guilty of the Murder he has been tried for, or not guilty?

Foreman. Guilty of *Wilful Murder.*

Clerk. And so you all say?

Jury. Yes.

Gaoler. Take Care of him.

The last Day of the Assizes, the Prisoner was brought to the Bar.

Court. Prisoner, What have you to say, why Sentence of Death should not be pass'd upon you, according to Law.

Prisoner. I humbly submit to the Judgment of this honourable Court.

Judge. You the Prisoner at the Bar, *Charles Drew*, have been indicted for a horrid, cruel, and unnatural Murder on the one Side, and after a fair and impartial Trial on the other, your Country have found you guilty of the Charge, which is the Murder of your own Father, a Crime so barbarous that none can be its Parallel. A Crime to which all Nations have annex'd the greatest Punishments. O how shocking is the Thought, that the Son should kill his Father! O detestable Crime. The Laws of *England* have made it Death. I would therefore have you make a proper Use of that short Time which the Law allows you for making your Peace with God, whom you have so highly offended. I have nothing more to say than to pronounce that dreadful Sentence, which the Law requires and commands me to do; which is,

That you be convey'd from this Place to that from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, and there be hang'd by your Neck, until you are dead! — And the Lord have Mercy on your Soul.

Gaoler. Take him away.

An Account of the Behaviour of Charles Drew, whilst under Sentence of Death.

MR. *DREW*, notwithstanding his irregular Courses, had contracted several Acquaintance who frequently visited him after his Condemnation, but were not admitted to speak to him before; he requested, that he might have a Clergyman to visit him, and accordingly the Reverend Mr. *Smith* and another went very often to see him; he seemed at first not to have any Sense of the heinous Sin he had committed, and would fain have extenuated it by laying it to his Father's ill Usage, he said, that it was true he did often wish his Father dead, and his Reason for so doing was because old Mr. *Drew* kept him so without Money that he could not appear in the Manner he desired; and so became a jest to all Company he came into; that he had sometime ago desired his Father to make over an Estate to him, which he constantly refused, and that first put him in Mind of this horrid Project, at other times he alledged that his Father's ill Usage not only affected him, but even reached his Mother and Sisters; and young *Drew* was informed sometime ago that his Father had formed a design of removing his Mother from the House she lived in, and sending her to another part of the Country which he said would be present death to her, and that then the old Gentleman would certainly marry again, and perhaps a young brood of Children might come, from whence he (the Prisoner) could expect nothing but to be disinherited; he owned that this, and some other Things joined with the Persuasions of his lewd Companions, made him desperate, but yet he could not reconcile himself to shoot his Father with his own Hands; he confessed that he tampered with several People and offered them Money to kill the old Gentleman, and

in

in particular the Evidence *Humphries*, but persisted that he was not the Person who actually fired the Gun, but that *Humphries* was the Man. The Interview between him and his Sisters, no one describe so well as imagine. His Sisters were cautious of upbraiding him with what he had done, and endeavoured to give him all the Comfort they could; he was very uneasy on account of his Family, especially when he heard that the Sheriff had seized his Estate, he mentioned that Circumstance with the utmost Concern.

Heads of a Sermon preach'd to Mr. Drew the Morning before he was Executed.

G. E. N. V. 5, 6.

And surely your Blood of your Lives will I require: At the Hand of every Beast will I require it; and at the Hand of Man, at the Hand of every Man's Brother will I require the Life of Man Whoso sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed.

THE Words now read to you, are the Words of God, and spoke by God himself, who never changeth, and whose Laws remain for ever and ever. *Whoso sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed.* Hence I shall take Occasion to shew,

- I. The Necessity of a Law prohibiting Murder.
- II. That this Law is the Law of God, and not of Man only. And,
- III. Draw some Inferences from the Whole suitable to the Occasion.

I. I will shew you the Necessity there is for a Law to punish Murder. And here for once, let it be supposed, that the Scriptures had no where prohibited Murder, Reason and natural Observation would tell us, that that Man who should deprive another of his Life, which afterwards is out of his Power to restore him

him again, is an Enemy to Society, a Member who by such an horrid Act is become dangerous to his Brethren, and therefore ought to be cut off from the Land of the Living. He is become not only an Enemy to that Man, whose Life he has taken away, but likewise an Enemy to all his Neighbours. He has not only barbarously used the Person he has deprived of Life, but thereby shew'd his Malice and Enmity to the whole human Race. It is hence therefore incumbent on every Man, as he values the Life of himself and his Neighbours, to bring to Justice the Person thus guilty. You have kill'd your own Father, from whom you have received Life. The Thought is dreadful, and the Sentence pronounced on you by the Law, according to the Light of Nature and Reason is just.

II. I come now to shew, that the Punishment of Murder with Death is the express Law of God, as well as of Man. *Who so,* says the Almighty, in the Words of our Text, *sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed.* In the two Tables of Commandments, delivered to *Moses* on the Mount, *Jehovah* says, *Thou shalt not kill.*

I shall now draw some Inferences from what has been said, suitable to this melancholy Occasion, and so conclude: 1. From the Necessity and Reasonableness of a Law against Murder, you learn, that you must this Day die. You have taken away the Life of your Father privately, but your Life shall this Day publicly be taken away. You have offended against the known Law of this Land, and this Day you must be subject to its Vengeance. 2. The Law of God you have broke, and here, thus saith St. *Paul* the Murderer *God will judge.* So that hence it appears, that you stand accountable before the great Tribunal at the Judgment of the last Day. Can you there plead and say, you never heard that God had forbid Murder expressly? No. The Liturgy of our Church pronounces that Commandment thrice every Week. There-

36 *The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq;*

fore you have sinned against the known Law of God, and you are without Excuse. And as surely as you have receiv'd Sentence here for your Crime, so surely (if not sincerely and heartily repented of,) will you be Sentenc'd to Damnation, to the Lake which burneth for ever, where the Worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched. To conclude, Let me therefore, exhort you in Order for your Preparation for a worthy receiving of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to confess all your Sins, and this in particular for which you now lie under Sentence of Death, add to this a hearty Repentance and sincere Contrition for your Sin, and pray unto God to blot out this your Misdeed, that so you may be forgiven thro' the Mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. *To whom, &c.*

After the Sermon was ended, Mr. Drew confess'd the Fact, and receiv'd the Sacrament.

A true Copy of Mr. Charles Drew's last Dying Speech and Confession, delivered to the High Sheriff.

Good People,

I AM brought here justly to suffer Death for the Murder of my own Father. I confess, that I shot him with my own Hands; and tho' I cannot offer any Thing to extenuate my Crime, yet I will relate what led me to do the horrid Act, that so you may endeavour to avoid those wicked Councils and Vices, which led me to the Commission thereof, and has brought me to this untimely and ignominious End. When I was about Eighteen Years of Age, I fell into the Company of Poachers, in which rambling Life I took great Delight, and all the good Advice of my Parents and Sisters could not refrain me from it. This led

led me into the Society of certain Smuglers, and both these led me into the Acquaintance and Conversation of Women of the most abandon'd Reputations, who early instill'd into my Mind, strange and wicked Notions of Things. Thus initiated in the broad Paths of Vice, I did not want for evil Counsellors, who continually whisper'd Tales and Stories in my Ears defamatory of my Father. They imposed upon my Credulity, and made me believe, that my Father thought me a Bastard, that that was the Reason my Father and Mother liv'd a Quarter of a Mile asunder, and that he did not love me upon that Account. As I was not able then to distinguish my real Interest in this Affair, I thought those who sooth'd my vicious Inclinations were my Friends, and my Father, who was for restraining me from running headlong to Destruction, was my inveterate Enemy. As I was his only Son and Heir to all his Estate and Riches, which I was told was worth Threescore Thousand Pounds and upwards, my wicked Companions insinuated, that I ought to have some Part of it before he died; which indeed I then thought reasonable. These People observing, that I minded what they said, went a Step further; and then it was whisper'd to me, that my Father design'd, in the Spring, to send my Mother away farther into the Country, that so he might have an Opportunity of marrying again, and that I was, by that Means to be cashier'd of my Estate. And so blind was I, at that Time, that I could not see thro' the Improbability of my Father's so doing. My Acquaintance having conducted me thus far in my Enmity to my deceased Father, continually spoke slightly of him in my Company, blaming him for not letting me have Money enough for my Expences, and often wish'd that he was dead, and that if he did not die, he would ruin his Family. These Things, join'd with wicked Inclinations of my own, and the incessant Presures of those Women for Money, I kept Company with, first led me to contrive my Father's Death. I

tamper'd

tamper'd with several Persons about it, till, at length, I found *Edward Humphries* the properest Person for an Employment of this Sort, because he was a Smugler, and had been convicted of Felony at *Chelmsford* Assizes. I knew he was a bold daring Fellow, and, therefore I agreed with him, that if he would kill my Father, *Charles John Drew*, I would settle on him, One Hundred a Year, during his Life. He accepted the Proposal, and we fix'd the Day and Manner of it, which was, that he should go to the Door, that Evening, about 11 o'Clock, knock at it, and when my Father open'd it, he (*Humphries*) should shoot him dead. Accordingly, I went to Mrs. *Boyer*, who furnish'd me with a Gun, Powder, and Slugs, and we met at 11 o'Clock, near my Father's House. When *Humphries* was to go and shoot my Father, he said to me, Let's have a Dram first: We then put the Gun into the little House, and went down to the Lower House, and there drink'd a Dram, and then return'd to the little House, *Humphries* took the Gun, and carried it up towards the Upper House, when I told him, it was ready loaded with Slugs in it, and primed, and that I warrant it would do the Business. When he came near to the Deceased's House, his Heart fail'd him, and he said he could not do it, Mr. *Charles John Drew* had never done him any Harm. I then, in a Bravado, took the Gun out of his Hand, went up to my Father's Door, knock'd at it, my Father came and open'd the Door, and I shot him dead. And now, good People, and you young Men, learn from hence, to avoid evil Communication, which corrupt good Manners, for thus saith He, who erreth not, *A Whore is a deep Ditch, the Abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein.* Be wise, and listen to the Counsel and Instruction of your Parentes, and look upon them who speak evilly of them, as your Enemies, and shun their Company and Acquaintance. I justly die for my Crime, the Lord have Mercy upon my Soul. O, good People, pray for me.

To my loving Sisters, from my Place of Confinement in
Bury Gaol.

Dear Sisters,

I am now under Sentence of Death, for the Murder
of your and my Father, which makes me recollect
and wish I had taken those wholesome Advices you so
often gave me, that I had refrained myself from evil
Company, for it is that, as you often told me, has
brought me to this ignoble End. But tho' my Case
is thus deplorable and as to this Life desperate, yet it
gives me Satisfaction to think in these my last Hours,
that his Majesty, has been graciously pleased to remit
my Estate forfeited to the Crown, to your Use. My
dear Sisters pray for me, pray for the Salvation of my
Soul, recommend me to the Grace and Favour of
God. I am,

Your Loving Brother,

April 8. 1740.

Charles Drew.

Letters between Mr. Drew and Mrs. Boyer.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer.

Madam,

I BEG You would come for London immediately
on the Receipt of this, I have no Happiness but in
your Company, and I shall long till I see you. I am
like one in a strange Country not knowing who to
converse with, where to go, or what to do. I am at
the King's Arms Tavern in Fleet-street, near Temple-
Barr. Inquire for me, by the Name of Thomas Ro-
berts.

Your Humble Servant, to Command,

Feb. 18. 1739,40.

Charles Drew.

To Mr. Thomas Roberts.

Dear Charle,

I WILL come to London by the Return of the
Coach, I am lonesome without you. Pray, keep
yourself

40 *The Trial of Charles Drew, Esq;*

yourself secret, for the Country is alarm'd very much about that Affair.

Your's, &c.

Feb. 20.

Elizabeth Boyer.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer.

Madam,

I Die in Charity with all the World, I forgive my Enemies from the Bottom of my Heart, and may those that have given me evil Counsel, whereby I have brought upon myself this publick Shame, live to repent. I dont reflect on them, but on myself, who might easily have seen whereto such evil Counsels tended. But I forgive - - - -

April 8. 1740.

C. Drew.

His Behaviour at the Place of Execution.

ON *Wednesday* the 9th Day of *April*, pursuant to his Sentence, he was taken from *Bury Gaol* to the Place of Execution; such a Croud of Spectators were assembled on the Occasion, as have not been seen in that County since the Execution of *Coke* and *Woodburn*. He passed through them with Signs of the greatest Horror, as being ashamed, after such an Action, to see so many who had been his Neighbours and particular Acquaintance: When he came to the Tree, he expressed the utmost Reluctance at parting with Life driving off the fatal Minute, and desiring the Officers and Executioner to defer it as long as possible: He joined in Prayers, &c. and begged of the Minister who attended him to continue his Intercessions for him as long as he could, for that his Hopes of Salvation were very precarious; and being asked if he would say nothing to the Populace, replied, No, but he gave the High Sheriff a Paper, which he said contain'd his Confession, and desired it might be publish'd. Then he was turned off. 18